But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets sound nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sommebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne hest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her pecced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
Hee, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caytiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The vaunted verse a vacant head de
Ne wont with crabbed care the M
Unwisely weaues, that takes two

Who euer casts to compasse weigh
And thinks to throwe out thondring
Let powre in lauish cups and thrif
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Pha*
And when with Wine the braine
The nombers flowe as fast as spri

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ry
Or if my temples were distaind wit
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie
How I could reare the Muse on sta
And teache her tread aloft in buſ-k
With queint *Bellona* in her equip

But ah my corage cooles ere it be
For thy, content vs in thys humbl
Where no such troublous tydes ha
Here we our slender pipes may sa

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han the
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store

Cuddies Embl

Agitante calescim

GLOSSE

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus
ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for hi
is the power to make men immortal for t
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Man
Theocritus, is more lostye then the rest, a
vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubte vvhether by Cuddie be specifie
L.